

# KANSAS LEGITATOR

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No More Bonds Forever.

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**THE MASSES.**

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N. R. P. A. K. R. P. A.

GRANNY MORRILL has a vice-presidential bee buzzing in her bonnet, and has gone back east to see the fixers about it. The old lady wants to be Tom Reed's running mate.

MISS G. VANDERBILT received \$25,000 worth of bouquets from her admirers at her recent debut among the 400. The same day, a starving girl threw herself into the Hudson river rather than make her debut into a life of shame, to which she was being forced by a hellish employer.

OLD BUSINESS MORRILL is truly between the Devil and the deep sea. Whisky is pulling one leg with might and main, while prohibition is tugging at the other with equal zeal. Between the two, the old sinner seems about to be drawn and quartered. "Uneasy lies the head that"—lies to everybody.

PLUTOCRACY sits in the White House and dictates to the 444 senators and congressmen what kind of laws to pass to govern 70,000,000 of people, and, should there be too much independence of the law-making bodies to give heed to the voice of the dictator, a weather-cock court will nullify the law, if it be a righteous one.

OLD Barney Kelley is giving his Republican brethren a mighty sight o' trouble. They'd like to give him an appointive office in order to keep him quiet, but he refuses to take anything. He is attending all of the soldiers' reunions, and roasts the redeemer gang in great shape. Granny Morrill and Dick Blue are receiving the lion's share of the drubbing.

EVEN in Heaven-blessed Kansas, where Nature has showered her bounties of fruit and grain to a magnificent degree, we have in our county one hundred paupers. There should not be one. If this be true of a county like ours (and it is), what must be the case in the large cities? It is the duty of every American citizen to think and act. Never be lulled to sleep by the siren song that capital is singing to drug and then rob you.

OVER 80 pounds of trout were lately caught in three hours in the Gunnison river, in Colorado. They make delicious eating. Colorado may lead Kansas on fish stories, but when it comes to the corn racket, the silver state isn't in it. And, by the way, roasting-ears are a pretty good thing to lay your lip over, while for developing Sandows and building up a race of giants, there's nothing ahead of the old-fashioned corn-dodger.

AND now the statistical lunatic has figured out how many times around the globe the Kansas corn crop would go if teams moving fifty bushels in each wagon were to start out single file and close together. This set our "devil" figuring, and he says if the Kansas corn ears were linked closely together, the chain would reach to the moon and back ten times. Now, if any inhabitant of the silvery orb wants to stall-feed steers, he need not hold back because Kansas has not done her part.

## OUR MASTERS.

In all matters pertaining to finance, congress consults the bankers only. Bankers make our laws affecting money. Railroad attorneys frame our railroad bills, and legislators give them the sanction of a law-making body. Manufacturers influence tariff legislation. Anti-combination laws catch only organized labor. The courts head off income taxes. Who make our laws? Certainly not the people, nor the men whom they choose to make laws. The money power is the power behind the throne. There are ten corporations in the United States that have more influence in shaping legislation than all the voters in Kansas.

Under the present regime, an election is a farce in that the voter believes that his is the influence and interest represented, and a tragedy in that every time he votes, he votes away his power and influence, and destroys his best interests.

Ours has ceased to be a government of the people and for the people.

A campaign is a scramble for office, in which the rival parties lose sight of everything but beating the other fellows. There may be a great show of patriotism and loud professions of friendship for the masses, but by their fruits ye shall know them.

It is not for the people who make laws laws, and neither are laws administered in the people's interest.

Wealth rules this country. We have no God but Mammon, and politicians of both old parties bow at no other shrine.

These things cannot go on forever. The spirit of liberty dies hard when once aroused, and, sooner or later, the masses will awake from a troubled slumber, and then, Mammon will be dethroned. But, why wait? Is a millionaire, like a king of olden time, the Lord's anointed? Are parties dearer than our children? Is the shadow greater than the substance? Is partisanship above liberty?

THE Colorado conference of the M. E. church has cited the Reverend F. F. Passmore to appear for trial for unministerial conduct—said unministerial conduct being an unanswerable arraignment of certain members of the conference and way-up laymen for gross unchristian practices. The Scribes and Pharisees are still having their innings. The Reverend Passmore's trial will be upon the same plan as that of Eugene V. Debs, his accusers being both court and jury, and he will fare just the same, with this redeeming feature—the conference cannot order him to prison; otherwise the iron doors of some Colorado jail would close on the Reverend Passmore. Despotism and Phariseism are twin brothers. Watch the Colorado conference. Watch the Reverend Passmore.

WATCH for another raid on the United States treasury about the time congress meets. Capital is losing confidence again, and nothing will set it right but another batch of interest-bearing bonds for its insatiate maw. All this could be stopped by paying silver for government debts; but possibly the Cleveland larder is a little low, and Carlisle desires to turn an "honest penny," hence the "rake-off."

Thou ox with yoke on thy shoulder;  
Thou ass 'neath the burden and throng;  
Thy insolent masters grow bolder,  
While ye struggle blindly along.

Dare ye think—dare ye hope as ye stumble?  
Oh, God! for a Moses to lead  
The stupid, the starving, the humble  
Away from their bondage to Greed!

DR. WREN'S New York residence cost \$30,000,000. Less than one mile away, a mother poisoned herself and her two children to escape the terrors of death by starvation.

W. A. PEPPER says that the silver sentiment is dying out in the West. Wonder how much sugar he has had lately, or did that sugar stock purchased some time ago sweeten him sufficiently? For one, we have long been sufficiently soured upon Pepper.—Lawrence Jeffersonian.

The above is unkind and uncalled for. If Brother Martindale had read all of what Senator Pepper said on the occasion referred to, he would readily see the injustice he does that gentleman. That the silver sentiment is on the wane is true, in a sense. A few months ago, nearly every Republican paper and speaker in the West insisted that the Republican party was THE silver party, and would declare for free coinage in its next national platform. Republican silver meetings were of frequent occurrence, then. However, the Eastern bosses concluded that this "foolishness" had gone far enough, and ordered a cessation. Immediately, the papers ceased to say anything in favor of silver, and the speakers shut up like a lot of clam-shells. There are no more Republican silver meetings, except those held by a few men who are independent enough to defy the bosses. Then, prior to Cleveland's gold ukase, nearly every Western Democrat was a silver man; but as soon as the King's order was issued, nearly every fellow who was dependent upon him for a little public pap changed ends, like a mule, and kicked his silver brethren as vigorously as he had kicked the gold-bugs. This is the silver sentiment on the wane in the West. However, we believe, with Senator Pepper, that the lull is only temporary; that there will be a revival of the sentiment at an early date, and that silver will eventually win. Now, a few words about Senator Pepper. Even his worst enemies in the old parties haven't even dared hint at corruption on the part of the Senator, because they had no reason to do so. The smell of corruption has never tainted his garments. When the writer hereof was publishing the Greeley News, during the famous campaign which routed the Republican party in Kansas, we recognized in Judge Pepper (then editor of the Kansas Farmer) a man worthy to succeed the great iridescent dreamer in the United States senate, and, without waiting for a "tip" from any Populist leader or "prominent" paper in our party, we immediately began to advocate his election, and we were soon joined by others. We received letters from "leaders" in the party, asking us to desist, but we knew we were right, so went ahead. Our choice proved to be the choice of the legislature. We have carefully watched Senator Pepper during his term of office, and have never had reason to regret our choice. He has proven himself a true friend of the people. He is incorruptible. And now, dear Brother Martindale, our advice to you, given in a spirit of charity and brotherly love, is this: Take half a teaspoonful of soda and mix in about a fourth of a teacupful of water, stir it well and swallow it. This will relieve your sour stomach. An occasional dose of little liver pills will aid indigestion, and a bottle or two of sarsaparilla will remove "that tired feeling." Ta-ta, brother! Call again.

REPUBLICAN redemption is costly, but it must be had. The part of such redemption has, so far, been secured by falsehoods so base as to shame any ordinary liar. These lies are beginning to recoil on their authors. Joe Hudson will have to, at an early day, send a requisition for a new supply, especially if he expects to down Ed Snow. We have been trying to keep tab on the redemption going on, but are at sea. The next session of the legislature will be called upon to provide for the expense of the Morrill redemption, and then we will know. Until then, the play of redemption will continue with the chief actors.

"MISS FLAGLER Killed Him," is the cold announcement that a 28-year-old woman in Washington, D. C., killed a 14-year-old negro boy who was stealing fruit. Miss Flagler belongs to Washington's upper-crust society, and she simply killed a "nigger"—took a deliberate aim at the boy from an upper porch, and killed him. The fruit he was stealing was of infinitely more value to the Flaglers than was the negro boy's life to him. Under the present reign, property has greater rights—sacred rights—than life. The negro was committing a crime. His action cannot be excused nor condoned. But what of the cold-blooded assassin? Miss Flagler will be arraigned for the crime. She will appear before the criminal court of the District of Columbia, but her trial will be a travesty on justice. She belongs to the national C. F. aristocracy—has great influence at court—and will fear no more odium for her infamous, cowardly butchery of the negro boy than that of a farce of a trial. Were she a poor white girl, and the negro had killed her, the Washington populace would be clamouring for his blood; but he was only a 14-year-old "nigger," she a rich white woman, and therein will be the difference when justice is dispensed. Mark the prediction.

Do you hear anything through the old party papers about want and idleness and suffering of late? Do you suppose there are none? If you do, you are fooled. But, the edict of the bosses has gone forth that such reports build up opposition to monopolies and to Wall street methods. They make the sheep that are being shorn kick. So the Associated Press dispatches talk only of prosperity, in the face of the fact that more people are out of employment now than ever before. More European paupers have the place of American laborers. Pauperism is on the increase.

THE folly of those in authority, and the crime against the citizens of a municipality in turning over the franchises as a gift to corporations, can best be understood when the corporations issue stock based on the value of the franchise that has not cost the corporation a cent, and levy tribute upon the donors of the franchises to pay large dividends on the stock. It has been done in many instances, and will again be done until the people call their servants to account in such manner as will convince them that the people have finally been aroused to their rights.

KANSAS farmers are "in the swim" so far as crops are concerned, this year. Three-fourths of eastern Kansas corn is made, and the other fourth has nearly got there. Now, if the railroads don't get out of cars when the crop is ready for market, and stay out till speculators gobble the surplus at half-price from the farmers, Kansas will take in a mint of money this winter. If the government-owned railroads, a car famine would never affect the producer and stuff the pockets of speculative greed.

HON. SOLON O. THACHER died last Sunday morning, at his home, in Lawrence, of Bright's disease. Judge Thacher was a prominent figure in the history of Kansas, having come to the state at an early day and taken an active part in her public affairs. He was a leading Republican politician, and has filled various important positions, by election and appointment. His death will be deeply felt, especially by his party.